Ingenious in spoiling the happiness of others, not exactly through ill will, but through an inability to understand any other form of happiness than that which his fortune would allow him to enjoy —in short, through an incapacity to achieve happiness himself. I fancy that he seeks it rather in a convenient use of things than in a self-determination; he is an extraordinarily dependent creature. He naturally look* with pity on the happiness of others. He says, or seems to say: "Oh heavens! how can you consider that as happiness? In your place, I . . * and instead of pitying, he advises.

*Tuesday morning*

*I* derive from the excellent *Vie de Poussin* by Paul Desjardins[15] a calm health. For several days now Gerard and I have been getting up at six (he leaves for his factory at seven thirty). Bach has taken the place of Chopin, and Pascal the place of Montaigne. I have sent off almost all my copies of *Amyntas.* My novel is slowly taking form in my head again; I no longer see it as a matter of expressing emotions very clearly, but rather of accumulating little facts to "inform" or animate the characters.

I thought I knew Pascal; every day I am discovering new things in him.

Em. returned yesterday from Cuvervflle, At eleven o'clock I am at the Gare Saint-Lazare. The suburban train gets us here by midnight.

Impossible to find the key to the wardrobe. Em. insists that she put it in her basket, on top of four dozen eggs. Naturally, the eggs having moved, the key—heavier than they—must have slipped to the bottom. We burrow with great care for fear of breaking the eggs. We bring up a pair of gloves, a veil, a pair of scissors, a handkerchief, what else? and ten boxes of matches![16] But no key. We decide to take the

eggs out, one by one. Each egg is wrapped in tissue paper which we remove. The egg is cool in one's hand, clean, and dull off-white in color. In Eugene Rouart's cloisonne bowl, so blue, so green, they make a marvelous still-life. Now it is one o'clock in the morning; the basket is empty, the bowl full; we admire the effect. But no key.

[15] *Life of Poussin,* published in 1903.

[16] I must note here the story of the boxes of matches.

"Why, of course," says Em., "I bought them at Criquetot Do you know that in the country they are only a penny? Berthe filled her suitcase with them.**

"But, my dear, these are sulphur matches! You must have taken them for safety matches. Look, smell it/* And I light one of them tinder her nose. Em. chokes a bit and exclaims:

"Oh! the robbers!" [A.]